



# THE Territorial Secretary My Journal.

TOURING  
IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

**Marvelous Times—Fifty Souls Seeking God at the Mercy Seat—The Lieut-Colonel a Composer as Well as a Singer—Glorious Wind-up at St. John I.**

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Frederickton.

I met Lieut-Colonel Margetts at Frederickton. Adjt. McClellan had arranged a reception meeting at which the Colonel sang a solo of his own composition, entitled, "The Fountain," after which he threw his whole soul into the meeting, which resulted in seven coming to the Mercy Seat, seeking the blessing of God's beautiful full salvation.

Wednesday night we had a rattling march. The subject of the meeting was, "Excuses," and the Colonel pitched right and left. This meeting closed with all seeking God for pardon of their sins.

We were pleased to note the barracks has been beautifully painted inside, which reflects great credit upon the officers and soldiers. God bless Frederickton.

St. John I.

We had a good open-air meeting at the head of King St., and a beautiful crowd indeed; the meeting was noted for its fervor. The old soldiers and congregation gave the Colonel a tremendous ovation, and the P. O. read an address of welcome. The Colonel sang one of his favorite songs, "I cannot leave the dear old Flag." A well-fought prayer meeting brought four souls to Jesus' feet.

Carlton.

A nice congregation gathered at Carlton on the following evening. Staff-Captain Taylor was introduced at the outset by the Rev. Chanceller, after which the Colonel was warmly welcomed. We had a magnificent wind-up with six souls at the Mercy Seat. God came down and manifested His power. We toiled until almost the last moment, and had to run to catch the ferry boat to bring us back to the city. Carlton, which has been hard and barren for some time in the soul-saving line, is having a move. Quite a number of souls have been saved recently.

St. John II.

Here we spent Saturday night. It was a very bad, wet night, nevertheless we had a swelling marsh. Uncle Ben, one of our old soldiers, was in evidence, and with a few people gathered together in the barracks, the majority of the audience being backsliders. Here again, the Lieutenant-Colonel sang, "I cannot leave the dear old Flag," which was very applicable. God again came to our help, and we had the joy of seeing two precious souls come to Jesus.

St. John III.

At No. III, we had a wonderful Sunday. The elements were against us—a down-pour of rain took place all day—yet we had magnificent crowds, the hall was packed at night, and many people standing. It was a day of rich blessing, one of the old-fashioned, pentecostal times; in fact, it was the anniversary Pentecost, and God, the Holy Spirit, may indeed be said to have been manifested. We scored 25 souls for cleansing and pardon. It was nearly midnight when we landed back at Provincial Headquarters. The wind-up meeting of the Colonel's in the city took place at

St. John I.

All the corps united. It was a glorious time, in the spate-like a crowd gathered round as we sang on our knees, "Oh, why wait till the shinier, why?" The hall was nearly filled. The Colonel inhaled hard, God blessed him, and four souls got the blessing of full salvation, bringing the number up to fifty souls for the week. The Lieut-Colonel has now left for Newfoundland, while your humble servant is toiling on at Provincial Headquarters.

# BY THE GENERAL

TO THE

I start off by confessing that my journal has been sadly neglected, and consequently can only consist of a few rough jottings of what has happened since I wrote last. I have, it is true, some good excuses, but they will be of little interest to my readers. What they naturally want is interesting reading, and not a few tame reasons for not furnishing it. But in all seriousness, the hot weather, the rounds of the steamer, the rush of the commandant, and a release of the Adolphe trouble, have hindered me discharging what is really the agreeable task of communicating with my dear comrade up and down the world, in this simple fashion.

—X—

Monday, April 3rd.

We left New Zealand for the Australian continent, which is some 1,200 miles away, in the S. S. Westralia, an excellent steamer, with a crowd of passengers, amongst whom was Lady Kaufsky, the wife of His Excellency the Governor of New Zealand, together with a most genial Captain, full of sympathy for our welfare, who hails from the town of Derby, in the Old Country, and who, like the commandant of our last vessel, is an out-and-out abstainer, never having tasted an intoxicant in his life.

—X—

Friday, 7th.

It has been a tedious and trying four days' journey to me, although Father Neptune has behaved himself very creditably, and everything possible has been done by my comrades to promote my comfort. I have been very poorly, depressing sense of weariness being on me night and day, blundering sleep and maulking work all but impossible.

At five p.m. the New South Wales coast, whither we are bound, came in sight, and with much satisfaction we steamed through the Heads into the beautiful harbor of Sydney, where directly afterwards the government steamer, which kindly lent for the occasion, took us off to Manly, and about 9 o'clock we reached the Home of Rest, which was exactly the place I needed.

—X—

## BEAUTIFUL MANLY.

Saturday, 8th.

Manly, my readers must know, is a small town, but a growing pleasure resort, situated in a lovely corner of the bay, some twelve miles distant from the rich and thriving city of Sydney. About three miles from this township we have an estate, which, for beauty of situation, and wealth of promise in usefulness, is difficult to imagine, and still more difficult to surpass in all our remarkable Social operations in any part of the world. It has been described in the War Cry before. It consists of 1,200 acres, bounded by beautifully wooded hills, running along the coast of the open sea for three or four miles. Amongst the land in the foreground are a number of swamps, which, when well cleared, will grow almost anything that can be desired, suitable to the climate. There is a large lake, called a lagoon, because while consisting of fresh water, it has a connection with the sea. This piece of water abounds in trout, and the name of the black swan, besides other native birds.

By the report of the experts, there is on the estate a mountain of rich iron ore, and an inexhaustible deposit of the best clay for terra cotta, tiles, bricks, and suitable purposes in the colony. The latter properties may not be of much immediate service to us in our reclamation work, but there is no question as to what can be done with the land when it will be worth while to cultivate it. Our friends there are numerous, and the close of the year will bring us a number of opportunities to do good.

The whole estate was given to the Army some years ago, on our payment of an annuity, by an aged saint, who had the desire that her property should be turned to good account, after her death, and who thought that the Army

was the most likely agency for carrying out her wishes. Commissioner Coombs at once commenced operations, built the house in which I spent the quiet night, while the Commandant, with energy and ability, pushed forward the improvements and extensions that I inspected. The change that has taken place since my last visit is truly remarkable. I should say that at present the place is utilized for furnishing employment for the out-work men of our Sydney Shelter.

AT SYDNEY.

At 5 p.m. we left for Sydney. A reception and march followed.

At 7:30, soldiers meeting in the Centenary Hall. There must have been 1,800 or 2,000 present, and a more enthusiastic, patriotic body of soldiers I have seldom seen. My delight and address. Still, physically and mentally, and in every way, I was under the mark.

—X—

Sunday, 9th.

I was on the platform of the Town Hall by 11 o'clock, and the magnitude of the seven meetings I had to go through in it came before me with such vividness that I don't know that, since that two days' work I did in the Melbourne Exhibition seven years ago, I ever shrank as much from the physical strain involved in the task before me in my life. However, I had the promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," and I went forward.

The Sydney Town Hall has a fine suite of rooms, reaching far beyond the bounds of the city, of which it is one of the chief ornaments. The building, taken as a whole, is a massive structure, a little overdone, I should say, with ornament, both outside and in, but nothing can detract from the effect of its splendid boldness, and when the great hall is crowded, as it was our lot to have it again and again, it presents one of the most imposing sights of its kind to be found in any town or city in the world.

I talked with much difficulty to myself in the morning, but my comrades did not see it. In the afternoon the great building was gorged, and at eight hundreds—some say thousands—were turned away. It was a mighty day. I don't think the results can be estimated by the 160 in the penitent form. I may be mistaken, but my own impression is that everybody in the building was more or less convicted of the truth of what was spoken, if not satisfied that they ought at once to take the course recommended.

—X—

Monday, 10th.

Commenced rather gloomily, in the early hours of the morning, with a relapse of the sunstroke from which I recently suffered at Adelaide. The three meetings in the town stared me in the face. What was to be done? Then, it was my birthday, and although its celebration had been postponed till the following night, I still wanted something to happen that would in some degree meet the expectations with which the day was so widely regarded.

God was again good to me, and as 10 o'clock approached I was sufficiently recovered to travel the 100 miles by horseback to get through the three engagements. The results were remarkable, and at the close we rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

Thus the actual Sydney campaign, it showed 370 at the penitent form, of whom about 250 were for salvation.

—X—

## BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Tuesday, 11th.

Morning, officers' meeting, and at night the celebration of my birthday. For a description of the latter event I must refer my readers to the Cry. I have only time to say it was a glorious gathering. The Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, Sir Frederick Durley, presided; my dear son, the Commandant, read a very affecting, and I might say remarkable, address, and a number of congratulatory mes-

sages from all parts of the colony and different parts of the world. I did the best I could to lead the audience for over an hour. A vote of thanks was moved by the Hon. G. H. Reid, the Premier, and seconded by Sir George Dibbs, the ex-Premier of the colony, in complimentary words, far beyond any deserving of mine. However, I have reason to believe that impressive for God and eternity were made on hundreds, if not thousands, of hearts that night, and that is the main object of my life.

—X—

Wednesday, 12th.

At 10 a.m., officers' meeting. The officers here impress me, in one respect at least, much as they do elsewhere; and that is, they are willing and able to devote themselves entirely to the service of their country in pushing the war forward. On 1 left, as I looked over the 300 officers who faced me in the Masonic Hall that day, if they could but bring into the full freedom and determination of the Holy Ghost, they would shake not only New South Wales, but the whole of Australia. I think they made a step or two forward in this direction.

The Premier was so pressing at the close of the previous night's meeting that I should spend an hour or so with him at the Treasury to-day, that I could not refuse, although I knew that I had three officers' meetings, none of which I was willing to relinquish. Accordingly, at 1 o'clock, accompanied by the Commandant and Commissioner Pollard, I was the guest of the Cabinet to luncheon. With the exception of Sir George Dibbs and the Acting Consul, the party was confined to the ministers, of whom the whole of the Cabinet were present. We had a pleasant and, I hope, a profitable conversation respecting the work of the Army in its bearing upon the responsibilities of governments with respect to the submerged classes. At the close I spoke on the subject. Again assurances were given to us of the willingness of the Government to render our Social operations all the assistance within its power. I counted the enthusiasm of the night before, and the respect shown me on this occasion, as a high tribute not only to the Social Work of the Army round the world in general, but to that in Australia in particular.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

My quarters, for convenience sake, are in the People's Palace. This building was erected for a hotel a few years ago, at a cost of some £30,000. Unfortunately for the proprietors, it proved a failure, lying comparatively useless for a long time. Six months ago it was rented by the Commandant, and turned into a monster Shelter and People's Hotel, and has so far proved a complete success. Each bed is occupied every night, as many as 320 sleeping in plain beds.

During the recent Congress it has been of immense service to the soldiers who have come in from the country for the meetings. They have been delighted to be so conveniently and economically lodged together with relatives from all parts of the colony. They have thus not only been at home in the meetings, but out of them. As I have looked at the great structure, towering above the surrounding buildings, and have gone in and out with the dear old uniform in every room, I have felt as though we were gradually concurring in the usage of the Jewish people, who, in the ancient times, usually went up to Jerusalem to unite together in the worship of God.

## South African Incident.

The penetrating power of the South African War Cry goes further and deeper than most people, even Salvationists, imagine. Just look at its last achievement in the Enquiry Department. "We are now asked to find Mr. ——So—, 'seventy years old, white man, last heard of fifteen years ago.' This is considered a tall order, but knowing our Cry, we insert the advertisement, March 25th, and on the 11th of April we are forwarding his address to England. He is out of the Cape Colony, but the Cry reaches a friend, who promptly passes it on to the wanted man, who communicates with us, and there you are!

The

Premier



whose absolute loss would be irreparable. Judging by the number and quality of the colonists in the colonies, it is evident that the future of Australia is in the hands of a magnificently educated and capable race.

By his side who represents the highest in the civil life of Australia, the Premier, Frank Packer, Mayor of Sydney, and Lady Mayoress, a whole host of representative men and women.

The number of tickets issued for the grand opening of the new theatre, the Empire, at Paddington, exceeded all expectation.

The Committee of the Empire Theatre, Paddington, have issued a large number of tickets. The full one hundred thousand of the first day's performance was sold out.

It was a

representative

and

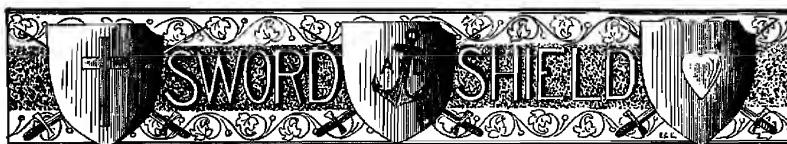
theatrical

success.

It was a







**WEEKLY WATCHWORD : "Rejoice."**

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;  
Rejoice, though skies are bright;  
Rejoice, though round thy pathway  
Is spread the gloom of night;  
If the good hope be in thee,  
That all is lost is well,  
Then let thy happy spirit  
With joyful feelings swell !

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,  
Though earthly friends be gone;  
For silently and swift,  
The shades of death roll on;  
And still they bore them forward,  
Never that happy shore,  
While the triumphant song is  
Rejoice for evermore !

**Daily Tonic.**

**SUNDAY.**

Repentance the Road to Rejoicing.—  
L. Chinon, xvi. 10.

To the consequence, stricken by the revolution of sin, joy looks a remote possibility; yet, such are nearer happiness than the endlessly cheerful. To experience the sweets of salvation, there must be keen sorrow for sin. The more genuine the man's repentance, the more joyous like rejoicing. Gladness is the inevitable outcome of sincere grief. For those who are whole-heartedly laid in His fulness He Who is the satisfaction of their souls.

**MONDAY.**

The Salutis' Unseen Source of Joy.—  
I. Peter 1. 8.

The joy of Christ is not an experience to be dogmatized upon, nor even to be minutely described. They who know it need no words with which to enhance such glory; they who as yet stand without such happiness must find its secret before they can understand the joy-light that gleams in the sky of the Christian undimmed by circumstances or sorrow.

**TUESDAY.**

Pleasure only in Things Profitable.—  
I. Cor. xiii. 6.

God bastes the day when people who have every desire to do and be good, will only take pleasure in the same! Gossip and other kindred littlenesses are not the pastimes for saints to indulge in—to rejoice in the truth means a character of integrity and a life of liberty.

**WEDNESDAY.**

Joy in the Joy of Others.—Romans xii. 15.

Many people whose sympathy is drawn out to share another's grief, keep back its tide when their friends rejoice. It is as much our duty to rejoice with those that rejoice as it is to weep with those that weep. It is a higher form of unselfish interest to share the joy of another than to sympathize with their sorrow.

**THURSDAY.**

Delight in the Details of Duly Duty.—  
Deut. xii. 7.

Those who wait for great ecstasies, for mighty revelations and enhancing events to call forth joy will not live happy lives. Happiness is easily found in content in small things. Cheerfulness in the fulfilling of duly duty makes heaven in the heart amidst the most adverse surroundings.

**FRIDAY.**

Celestial Joy Found in Suffering.—  
Acts v. 41.

To find pleasure in pain is one of the Christian's secrets, and an unexplained

idle mystery to the world. The joy of bearing a cross for the Crucified, of being counted worthy to endure hardness, and circumstances trying and painful, holds brighter and more blessed feelings than any other providence of God.

**SATURDAY.**

The Soul-Saver's Crown of Joy.—Ps. exxxv. 6.

The positive pleasure of a soul-saving life is the experience nearest heavenly gifts offered to anyone this side of the portals of death. Though there may be the tears, the toil and the agony, there is ever the sure fruition to look forward to of that glorious moment when he who has sought the lost will meet them in the Morning as found; and in the binding of those eternal sheaves, the toll of them will ever be forgotten.



**Jesus at Jacobs' Well.**

**John iv. 9-26.**

The first words spoken by Jesus to the woman at the well must have at once convinced her that, although a Jew in aspect, the traveler sitting by the wayside was unlike any other of this nationality whom she had ever met.

All her life the woman had been accustomed to the strained relations existing between the Jews and the Samaritans. We can scarcely imagine the extent of this racial prejudice which in those days generally resulted in much bitter feeling on both sides.

From time immemorial the Jews had despised the Samaritans, looking down upon them as a lower and heathen race. Although, so far as we know, the Samaritans were a peace-loving and mild race, and manifested no enmity towards their Jewish neighbors, they would not, naturally, entertain

**OUR JOY.**

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

Oh, hope of every contrite heart,  
Oh, joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find—ah! this  
Nor pen nor tongue can show,  
The love of Jesus, what it is.  
None but the saved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thon our prize will be;  
Jesus be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

did not speak of the physical thirst, which was the only kind the Samaritan knew of, but of that deep thirst of the soul, which only God can satisfy, and only His salvation can quench.

This spiritual thirst is as real as the living water which satisfies it. Although there is lamentably little of that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which God has pledged Himself so wonderfully to fulfill, yet there is a sense in which even the unconverted are filled with the craving for God. The desire is often a hidden one, the longing frequently a smothered one, but behind many a seemingly careless exterior, it is there all the same, to be appealed to, to be increased, and then to be led to the only source for its satisfaction.

Living water—is this the kind of salvation we possess? No stagnant, non-admiring stream, but an ever-renewing progressive stream, sprung up within the heart and influencing the life. Stagnant streams are the soonest to dry up. Non-progressive soldiers are the quickest to drop out of the ranks. God keep our experience a fresh and a flowing one.

**A MERRY HEART.**

A merry heart! A merry heart!  
It singeth all day long,  
Thoughts called with divers things to part,  
Its joy is deep and strong,  
In spite of Satan's sly dart,  
It raiseth high its song.

Oh, wouldst thou, friend, the secret know,  
Of such a heart as this,  
Possessing such a peaceful flow  
Of ecstasy and bliss?

Wherever Jesus bids it go,  
It has one answer, "Yes."

Obedience is the vital breath  
Of such a merry heart,  
Quite ready be it life or death,  
To do the better part,  
It always holds the shield of faith,  
And quenches every dart.

The merry heart hath endless feast,  
And Christ partakes therin,  
He doth to dwell with ev'n the least  
That will but part with sin,  
Ah, when the hawdly strife hath ceased.

Then Heaven doth here begin!  
His heart was broke to make mine glad.

My joy was dearly bought,  
How oft His countenance was sad,  
While He man's freedom wrought!  
O that a thousand tongues I had  
To praise Him as I ought!

—Albert Tristram.



CHRIST AT THE WELL IN SAMARIA.

# The Royal City,

And the Record of its S. A. Corps.

By ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

No one was ever known to dispute the fact that Guelph is a pretty city, with its triangular blocks and wooded crescents opening to the view, as you walk along its streets, its sloping hills crowned with beautiful buildings, and the river winding its way in and out, turning in its course many a wheel for flour and woolen mills, electric light works, etc., for the River Speed is useful to the manufacturing industries, as well as being useful to the city. There is also an old-famed leather-tanning company spared us a ride of early days, which would yet lead the traveller to believe he was in the new country.

But it is as an Army officer I have observed Guelph, and naturally my

interest has been centred on the Army, its attitude to the city, and that of the city towards it, and after eight months spent in it, I've come to the conclusion that Guelph possesses some good people as well as its share of clever and intellectual citizens. The chief characteristic is the love of justice and right which seems to predominate. Just one little instance: A certain brass band made an appeal to the City Council for a grant to be allowed them from the city funds, when the suggestion was immediately made that the Army band should have a grant also, revealing the fact that our band is by no means unappreciated in the city.

#### Proper Mayor.

It is a peculiar feature in the history of the city that from the commencement of our operations here, the Mayor elected from year to year has always shown a marked interest in the Army. The first to take part when curiously regarding our work was followed by opposition, was Mayor Stevenson, whose photograph appears in this issue, and his kind and Christian spirit has never changed during the fifteen years of smiles and tears the corps has passed through. Mayor Lampert also did the Army many a good turn, nor

has his interest flagged up to the present, for to-day he is as warm a friend as in days of old. The present Mayor, Mr. R. E. Nelson, does not differ from his predecessors in this respect, and in any philanthropic scheme the Army has on foot, lends his kindly aid and co-operation.

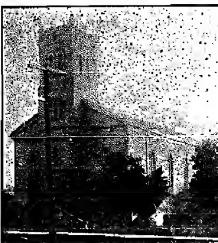
#### Institutions Open to Us

Another evidence of the favor of the city is the free access granted to our League of Mercy sisters by the jail and prison, the most kindly treatment from all the officials connected therewith. In this issue you will find the photographs of two of the League of Mercy sisters—Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Dawson is

Square, just before the big Post Office. It is the popular stand to-day. All the summer months the entire Saturday night meetings are held here, and as the crowds pass in and out of the



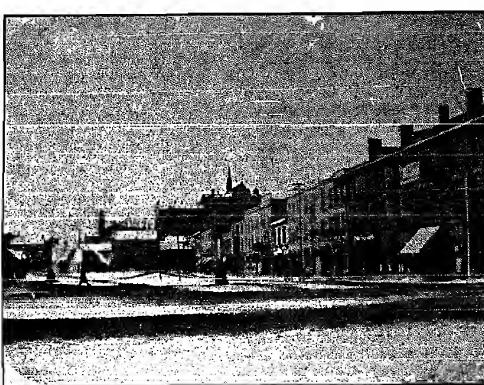
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Norfolk St. Methodist Church, Guelph.



Town Hall, Guelph.



Market Square, Guelph.

Post Office, sending and receiving messages, they stop to listen to the Army band and then receive a mission, not denied by three hundred ladies of their hearts from some red-hot Salvationist, such as Mrs. Scott or the renowned Walter Scott, or perhaps one of the band boys.

Mrs. Simpson must not be overlooked in this small episode of Guelph, for perhaps her worth tells on the morals of the city more than any one Salvationist.

thoulest hostile. Many a guilty prisoner has grasped her hand while the hot tears fell upon it. Many a dying man and woman has blessed the day she entered the hospital ward. Her flock of three little girls are with her, heart and soul in the Army, the eldest one, Eva, taking her place regularly in the War Cry rounds and in the band.

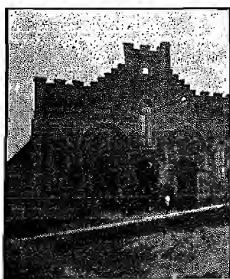
More War Crys are sold in the city to-day than have been for over six years—225 weekly and special Crys 250.

#### Burr's Factory.

While I run on the subject of War Crys selling, I should like to say a word or two about Mr. Burr's factory hands, as represented in the accompanying photo. They are a loyal crowd to the Army. Every week a call goes out for volunteers, and there are many warm friends of the Army among them. Two or three of them have brothers who are officers, several have relatives who are Salvation soldiers. In the group are the Messrs. Burr, two brothers who own the factory. Their cheerful faces are to be seen at any time on the doors or in the office. They've always been warm friends to the Army, and we esteem it a great privilege that we are allowed weekly to sell our papers, never told we are taking up valuable time. Much of the credit has gone to the foremen of the different units, who are as usual in their welcome from week to week.



Burr's Furniture Factory Employees, Guelph.

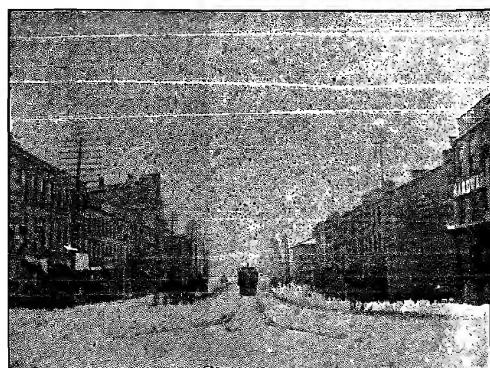


S. A. Barracks, Guelph.

probably better known as Captain Churchill, who first opened fire in Guelph, and she is not one whit less bloodthirsty than the day of the League of Mercy sisters, and in that capacity has full scope for her energies. Equally well-known in Ontario as in Guelph, her husband, ex-Ensign Dawson. His tall, manly figure will be remembered in many a town and city corps. He now fills the position of Junior Sergt.-Major, and is universally loved and esteemed. He is faithful as a house-worker, and the J. S. War is in good hands. Six little Davsons, all full of life and health, are Salvationists by birth and education. The eldest one, Byron, already plays a horn in the band.

#### Band Appreciated

Certainly the Army enjoys great privileges in Guelph. The City Council grants us the use of the park for our Sunday afternoon meetings during the hot summer weather. And what meetings they are! Everybody enjoys them, rich and poor, young and old, saved and unsaved. Then there is our first open-air stand, on St. George's



Lower Wyndham Street, Guelph.



Mayor R. E. Nelson

as any, and are very eager to do their duty. The door shall not be behind us. The Cry. This group gave our last Self-Denial effort, they deserve a volley, and all for Jesus.

Although churches are not numerous in this not very large city, a Godly congregation, varying in size from the old, tried roughs, whom we are always seeing, the best of harmony between platform and people winter has seen some big ed.

Bro. Cormile is faithfully doing great and mighty things for God; his work has done for him; how he has labored, where the Army organization staggered to the position where it is today, and the love of Jesus was breathed into his soul. For fifteen years he has proved his gratitude to God; he bears the cry of God, but his sympathies



Central School, Guelph

I was speaking of a n recently opened, when some reference to it. "It is something," said the boy, "and building over with one which I replied, "Ah, but come through the fire and has proved itself. In mind, they could easily be destroyed. It must indeed be solid, the Junior school, the city favorable, legion, and best of all, G."

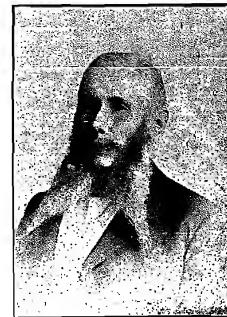
Born on a voyage of a And dangers little know. A stranger to superior s Man valiant trusts his But ours alone can never To reach the distant e salt, The breath of heaven m. On all the toll is lost.



Mr. Stevenson



Mayor R. E. Nelson.

Caledon War Cry Brigade.  
Ensign Ottawa, Eva Simpson, Phil S. M. Smith, J. H. Treas, Scott, Capt. Goe, S. M. Scott.

Ex-Mayor Lamprey, Caledon.

as any, and are very eager that their floor shall not be behind in buying the Cry. This group gave about \$6 to our last Self-Denial effort. I think they deserve a volley, and I covet them all for Jesus.

Although churches are nicely filled in this not very large city, we have our distinct congregation, varying in character from the old, tried friends, to the simple, who we are always glad to see. The best of harmony exists between platform and people. The past winter has seen some big sinners saved.

Bro. Corrie is faithfully telling out what great and mighty things God has done for him; how in the old drill shed, where the Army opened fire, he staggered to the peep hole form the window, and the liberty of the sons of God was broken into his soul. For fifteen years he has trusted them. In many a practical way he proves his gratitude to God, for never does he hear the cry of distress or need, but his sympathies are reached.

## GAZETTE.

## Promotions:-

ADJUTANT STANON, of Territorial Headquarters, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ENSIGN WELSH, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN TURPIN, of Territorial Headquarters, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN McHARG, Chatham Corps and District, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN BABINGTON, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENSIGN STEVENS, of the Pacific Province, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Kerr, of Hamilton Reserve Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Lowry, of Montreal Reserve Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Jennie Crawford, of West Ontario, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Sitzer to be Captain.

Lieutenant Burrows to be Captain, and to assist at Chatham.

Lieutenant Balld to be Captain at Bathwell.

Lieutenant Carr to be Captain at Brantford.

Lieutenant Copeman to be Captain at Sennar as 2nd.

Cadet-Captain Coy to be Captain at Berlin.

## Appointments:-

ADLT. MAGEE, late on furlough, to North Sydney Corps and Cape Breton District.

ADLT. WOODROFFE, late on furlough, to Nelson Corps and Kootenay District.

ADLT. COOMBS, of Brantford, to Chatham Corps and District.

ADLT. McHARG, of Windsor, to Brantford Corps and District.

ADLT. BLACKBURN, of Port Hope, to Windsor Corps and District.

ENSIGN McKENZIE, of Berlin, to Essex.

ENSIGN HILL to Belleville Corps and District.

ENSIGN STAIGERS, of Belleville Corps and District, to Port Hope Corps and Uxbridge District.

ENSIGN CHICHTON to Windsor, N. S., Corps and District.

Capt. Hagen, of the Pacific Province, transferred to the United States.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



## Peace on Earth.

The Peace Conference is making better advancement than the prospects of the opening promised and the newspapers presaged. It appears that universal disarmament, however desirable, was considered to be premature and practically impossible at the time, when by a splendid stroke of the British representative the question of universal arbitration was brought up. Russia, having anticipated the surprise, at once produced a document containing a draft of such an institution. The American delegates are also introducing a proposal for the establishment of a Permanent Board of International Arbitration. There is now every hope that such a similar proposal will be finally accepted by all representatives, which will mean a magnificent advance towards making war an improbability. Every follower of Christ should continue to exercise a fervent faith on behalf of the proposals now before the convention.

## Goodwill to Man.

It is a most encouraging sign of the times that questions like the Chinese complications, the Fashoda quarrel, the Samoan trouble, the Transvaal dispute, etc., which were fraught with dangers of international strife, and each of which at one time would have provoked war, are now more and more becoming subject to calm discussion and arbitration. The nations are weary of war and its burden, for even the victor in modern war has to pay dearly for his glory, and often suffers equally with the defeated nation. May the angels of Justice and Mercy be triumphant in ever destroying the demon of war!

THE FIELD  
COMMISSIONER

## CONDUCTS A

United Soldiers' Meeting at  
Lisgar Street.

SOLDIERS TURN OUT EN MASSE—COMMISSIONER  
TALKS TO READY LISTENERS ABOUT PERSONAL SALVATION—A SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Another suited soldiers' meeting, this time for the Salvationists in the Western half of the city, was conducted by the Field Commissioner on Tuesday, May 23rd, and the announcement of it was sufficient to fill the Lisgar St. barracks with a happy crowd of uniformed soldiers, Cadets and officers. The preliminaries at once presaged a good meeting. The Commissioner was in good trim for the meeting, and before taking up her lesson, said she had a little pleasant duty to fulfil, which was altogether too serious the case, since the more grave responsibilities overshadowed such bright—but brief—occasions. She proceeded then to promote Ensign Turpin and Welch to the rank of Adjutants, and Adjt. and Mrs. Stanon to the rank of Staff-Captains. These announcements were each received with much applause. Miss Booth made some personal remarks on each promotion, and we all agreed that they were all well merited by our comrades.

## AN ABLE RELIGION.

The Field Commissioner based her address upon the question of the King of old to Daniel, "Is thy God able to deliver thee?" and with the precision of one long experienced in dealing with the spiritual difficulties and hindrances of men and women's souls, she appealed straight to the conscience of everyone present. It was a kind of spiritual mustering and inspection of arms, to find out whether our weapons were intact, and our ammunition of the right quality.

We all enjoyed the excellent advice, the plainly-put lessons and the kind concern displayed by our beloved leader, and we all hope that Miss Booth will often meet us again in soldiers' councils.

Our spiritual appetite for such is always keen, and we have enjoyed the feast of the last two meetings of the Commissioner's immensely.—A Toronto Soldier.

Congratulations, Brigadier and Mrs. McIntyre, on your well-deserved promotion. These comrades are two other "missionaries" sent from the Land of the Maple to the domain of Uncle Sam.



At last Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnac are really farewelling; they will leave the East on June 16th, and are going on a furlough previous to proceeding to their new appointment. The best wishes of our Eastern comrades will follow them, and all Salvation Army comrades and friends in the Territory will pray that they may soon be completely restored to health and strength.

I am very pleased to be in a position to state that the new Provincial Officers for the Eastern Province are Major and Mrs. Pickering, recently in command of the West London Division (Eng.). The Major comes with a splendid record and is well known to many officers in the Territory. I need not say that the East will give him and his dear wife a hearty welcome. The East does not know how to do anything else.

The Field Commissioner will pay a flying visit to the East to install and introduce the new Provincial Officers.

See the report of the Massey Hall "Miss Booth in Rags." Only two weeks' announcement; before half-past five the crowd began to gather. We are getting rather used to wonderful meetings with "Rags," so that we ordinary mortals find it difficult to obtain words which exactly interpret our ideas; no mistake, it was a wonderful affair.

We were pleased that Colonel Higgins, of New York, happened to be passing at the time and stayed over. He received a splendid welcome from the Toronto Salvationists and friends. What he said was appreciated very much by all.

Lient.-Colonel Murgatroyd is in Newfoundland, and will be present at the officers' general field in St. John's. On his return he has visited the Eastern Province, and reported splendid times and excellent prospects. His tour is being so arranged as to meet the Commissioner in St. John, N. B., at her installation of the new Provincial Officer.

Should officers wear shoulder straps? Yes, it is regulation uniform for officers of all ranks. Send in your order to the Trade Department, and you will be sure to get it regulation style.

Headquarters  
Happenings.

We were glad to shake hands with a former comrade, Brigadier Marshall, of New York. The Brigadier looks healthy and has quite a portly appearance, although there are some hairs turning white under the combined efforts of responsibility and time. God bless the Brigadier and his dear wife, formerly Capt. Keeler, who mourns the loss of her dear mother, as reported in our last issue.

The Field Commissioner's soldiers' meetings were seasons of spiritual development to us all.

Other old comrades have passed through Toronto, viz., Capt. Heft and wife, who are on a short furlough before taking charge of Erie, Penn. Our comrades stayed for the Massey Hall meeting and say that they never enjoyed anything like it.

More promotions:—Adjt. Turpin—Adjt. Welch—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanon! We tender sincere congratulations, you are all deserving. Adjt. Turpin has faithfully served us Headquarters' Cashiers; Adjt. Welch has tollled night and day for the personal comfort of the Field Commissioner, and bid both the records of Adjt. Tom Stanon and his better half—Mrs. Carrie Stanon, nee Tammie, are well known to relate further explanations. May these promotions be stepping stones to greater usefulness in the service of God and humanity.

## A Loyal Message

FROM THE

## West Ontario Troops

To the Field Commissioner.

London, Ont.,  
May 23rd.

About eighty officers, assembled in council, send loving and loyal greetings. Your letter was accepted with red-hot enthusiasm. We are determined West Ontario shall do its part in the Century Scheme, as a token of gratitude to God for sparing our beloved General. Blood and Fire will conquer,

Major Southall.

The Press on the  
Massey Hall Meeting.

All the daily papers of Toronto had favorable comments upon the meeting; we clip a portion of the report in the Mail and Empire, as fairly representing the opinion of the Press:

## MISS EVA BOOTH IN RAGS.

Large Audience Greets the S. A. Leader in  
Massey Hall—Sad and Harrowing Tales  
of Life in London Slums.

An immense audience, which crowded Massey Hall from the ground floor to the top gallery, greeted Miss Eva Booth when she repeated her lecture on the "London Slums" at that place last evening.

"Colonel Higgins, General Secretary of the Salvation Army in the United States, acted as chairman. On the platform were seated the Army band and a large corps of officers of the local S. A. movement.

"The Commissioner's appearance on the platform, dressed in ragged clothes and wearing old shoes, tied with string, was the signal for repeated rounds of applause.

"I have been too long connected with the misery and sin of the world," said the speaker, in commencing, "to think my explanation necessary for my appearance in rags." Dressed in any other way, she would have been unable to reach the homes and the hearts of the poverty-stricken people, who are most desirous to help. Such people turned against often with hatred and spite, those who were better dressed or more educated than themselves. Poorly dressed, under the pretence of selling matches or flowers, or at other times taking her guitar and playing at the corners for pennies, the speaker had been able to make her way safely through the lowest courts and darkest alleys. Long before evangelists were allowed to enter the prisons, the speaker, dressed in her meagre clothing, had been admitted to these places as a friend of the prisoners. In this attire she visited nearly all the jails and prisons of London, including the famous "Old Bailey." Because she did not give away soup tickets, or anything else of value, many wondered how she succeeded in winning her way into the confidence of the very lowest classes of people. The secret of this lay in a wonderful charm which she always carried with her, and which had never failed to open the door to the stoutest heart. This charm consisted of four keys, "Love," "Sympathy," "Sacrifice," "Action."

"The speaker went on to explain the different ways in which each key operated, telling in the course of her address, many sad and harrowing tales of low life in the great metropolis. Her address was closely listened to, and evidently impressed her hearers." Miss Booth entered alone, dressed in her simple uniform for the occasion, which Toronto entitled the "Toronto trooper" for our brave leader.

Colonel Higgins, Secretary from "The

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Five Thousand

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Miss Booth entered  
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the platform.

Colonel Higgins, Secre-

# MEMORABLE MAMMOTH MEETING

IN THE

## MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

**Five Thousand People Crowd that Magnificent Edifice to See and Hear  
"Miss Booth in Rags."**

**THE BEST OF ORDER AND AN EXCELLENT SPIRIT PREVAILED THROUGH-  
OUT THE MEETING—MISS BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE AS A  
HARPIST—COLONEL HIGGINS, FROM NEW YORK,  
INTRODUCES HIMSELF—THREE HOURS  
OF SMILES AND TEARS.**



MOST MAGNIFICENT RECORD DUPLICATED! Such is the kernel of the numerous comments of the press and newspapermen who were present at the splendid gathering, Sunday, May 28th, in the Massey Hall. The immense crowd was exceedingly attentive to the masterly address of the Field Commissioner, who alternately moved that vast concourse to smiles and tears by the humorous and touching incidents recounted in her characteristic language. Yes, the recent lecture of Miss Booth in Rags, was a worthy competitor to the former record-breaker of November, 1897.

The unprecedented crush on the occasion of Miss Booth's first meeting "In Rags" resulted in the shutting out of nearly five thousand people, among whom were many of our own soldiers who had walked long distances. Ever since that, the Commissioner's hall has brought requests to repeat that famous lecture. In order to afford those who had been unable to gain admission an opportunity to hear her share experiences. Previous engagements and important business, however, prevented the granting of such requests until recently, when the date was finally fixed as Sunday, May 28th.

The best teacher, without dispute, is experience; and the lessons learned at that former occasion, when the crowd was simply beyond control, were not left unheeded; the crowd was managed excellently. In order to avoid disappointment only as many tickets had been printed as the hall contained seats, and none were sold on the day of the meeting. The minimum was only nominal—five cents apiece, with this additional to the holders of the ten-cent tickets, to be able to enter earlier by a side door. As an extra precaution the special entrance was opened nearly an hour before the time announced, as people began to come very early, and in this manner the accumulation of too large a crowd outside was avoided, even though ticket-holders secured their seats. The hall was packed to the very top seat, and several hundred persons who tried to enter without tickets were unable to find admittance. Even the platform was utilized, nearly every available seat being taken by the public.

### The Preliminaries.

While the people filed into the hall in a steady stream, the well-known Staff Band, and the large pipe organ manipulated by Bro. Slins, played suitable selections. Quite a stir was caused by the advent of the Commissioner's little adopted family of three children, all dressed in white, squatting uncomprehendingly on the front of the platform.

Miss Booth entered the platform alone, dressed in her rags; a storm of applause greeted her, and spoke volumes for the esteem and affection which Toronto citizens in general, and the Toronto troops in particular, have for our brave leader.

Colonel Higgins, the genial Chief Secretary from "the other side," who



"I BELIEVES IN HER, I DIES; SHE DON'T JAW—SHE DIES!"

had come for a visit, gave out the ticket stubs, and came for a visit, gave out the ticket stubs, and their happy faces, three things:

"There is a fountain filled with Blood."

This grand old hymn, to a grand old tune, was sung with new vigor, with lips that quivered, and faces that reflected the myriad of emotions worked by that strain. Staff-Capt. Mantan and Colonel Jacobs prayed, and while on our knees we sang another of those tunes that shall live as long as the English tongue is spoken:

"Loek of Ages cleft for me."

Colonel Higgins introduced himself in original and approved fashion. He announced that he came from the United States (applause), a statement which he said might have required some apology a few years back, but which, how now become unnecessary, as the two countries were rapidly approaching each other. His voice was Irish, but he did not know how far back it is since his ancestors left Ireland. He was an officer of 18 years' standing, and had practically grown up with the movement. He deducted

from the immense audience present, and their happy faces, three things:

(1) That the Army must be bolstered in Toronto; (2) That Toronto must be interested in the work among and for the poor; (3) That Toronto dues appreciate the Field Commissioner.

Booth, and recognizes her excellent work. "She is the fountain of Miss Booth in rags! It was not on a platform in the streets of London, when he met her quite accidentally, just as she was returning from one of her missions of mercy, that he first heard of that of to-night. It left upon him a strong and profound impression. "Miss Booth in Rags," therefore, was not a lecture, but a memory, to him. Major Higgins was called upon for a solo. He sang very appropriate words, "I have pleasure in His service," to the well-known tune, "Where is now the merry party?" the Field Commissioner accompanying on the harp and Capt. Arnold on the violin. To see Miss Booth as a harpist was certainly a surprise to all; a greater surprise was the excellent manner in which she played that Scripture instrument, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that she had

had practically only a few days in which to learn to play the same.

### Miss Booth Speaks.

A favorite chorus of the Commissioner's, "O the Love of Jesus Christ," was sung promptly to the address of the evening. The very last attention was given throughout the lecture. It was not only a mere recount of incidents to amuse and to arouse sympathy, but there were interwoven with it continual appeals to personal sacrifice and exhortations to the practice of those qualities which lessen the misery of this world and foster the great thing which this world stands in need of more than ever, love for one neighbour, not so much love that abides itself only in words and song, but a living power within that compels deeds—a sympathy that DOES.

Miss Booth, in vivid language, pictured to us first her little home in the slums, with its bare floor and the few pieces of simple furniture; her big Lieutenant who was at once her protector and a companion—though it seems that protection was never solicited by the Commissioner; she herself has given in her life the illustration that "sweet love casteth out fear." Of this she spoke naturally, she has shown, in more than one instance, a courage that could only have been born of Love Divine. In fact, the one text that seemed written across all the stories told in the Massey Hall was the one just quoted. In her lecture she took us down into the miserable cellars in which such a large percentage of London's poor are housed, and led us through the brilliant confusion of London's great life and midnight, to the darker alleys where she saw of two children from the cruel treatment of their father. Incidentally she denounced the drink traffic in small or big quantities, which is responsible for so much misery, robs children of their food, clothing, and drives multitudes into poverty and crime. Her denunciations were brief, but of such vehemence that the audience was carried away, and applauded freely.

We observe now a ripple of laughter—now a flutter of handkerchiefs to wipe off a tear, now a burst of mirth, now a roar of laughter, as we listen to Miss Booth's first lesson in gynaecology, now again sobs and tears, as she tells us of the matchless heroism of the poor crippled boy, who died to win an insurance for his starving mother and his smaller brothers and sisters.

It was a masterly address; it was a powerful appeal to each hearer. Who can estimate—not the passing emotions on the house, or the unanimous sympathy of the great crowd with the subject of the speaker? The result is strengthened, the consciences awakened, the memories awaked, and the impressions left indelibly upon every mind, for nobody can leave a meeting of this description without having its lessons fastened upon his conscience.

### Action!

What Miss Booth most tried to impress upon every one present was the need of action. It formed the theme of one of the five subdivisions of her speech. Action counts, actions only build our character, actions only help others. Well might old Joe say, when the Commissioner had scratched his room, made him some tea, and sang him a song, "I believes in her, I dies; she don't jaw, she DOTES."

So let us all do the work of the day in the day, for soon the night is coming on, when no work can be done, when no amount of regret will alone for work left undone, and no tears will pay for love withheld.



## Our Island Officers.

NOW SOME OF THEM GOT SAVED IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

I.—Captain Sparks' First Solo.

I was a very little boy when I first started to serve God, and no doubt would have continued until now if I had had the privileges that the S. A. Juniors have at the present time. Very few people here in Newfoundland make any real part in public meetings like my young days, so I got disengaged and wandered from the fold. A few years afterwards the S. A. opened fire at my home, and from the start I felt they were, as some people say, "the real thing." I attended their meetings from time to time, and soon I was caught in the hellish网. The next night found me in the front of the battle trying to sing a solo in a sing-song meeting. I must confess I did sing it. That was eight years ago, and I have been at it ever since. To-day I am an officer, storming the forts of darkness.

II.—Captain Burry's Tale.

I first saw the Salvation Army in the spring of '86. I had just arrived at St. John's from my first voyage to the semi-dry, and with my dirty, smelling clothes on, with several of my shipmates managed to squeeze inside the door of that packed building.

The meeting was so different to anything I had seen before that I was really interested.

The platform was full of people who appeared happy. This was one thing I could not understand, as I was under the false impression that religion was gloomy. I liked them very well, but as I did not trouble to go again, while in the city, I soon forgot about them, until two girls, who had got saved at St. John's came and started meetings at my home (Gros Ventre). At first I had no go at it, and I could see no change in his life; but even then I didn't go to the meetings. One fine Sunday afternoon they came and got my father's consent to hold a meeting at our house. I stayed until the prayer meeting commenced, and then with several others, went out. Not being very well pleased with some things in the meeting, I found fault. Of course, as being rather connected, thought myself worthy of punishment, but didn't know what my words had a good deal of weight. Something, however, got hold of me which I could not shake off, so ever after that meeting I was a constant attendant at the Army.

The work was properly started by a commissioned officer, and I continued to attend the meetings. God's Spirit took hold of me and convicted me of sin. I saw my lost condition, and felt I was the mostretched creature in the face of man.

One cold Thursday night, February 1, I brought my sins and grieves to Jesus, and He forgave me, and brought joy and gladness to my soul. That was over 12 years ago, but from that hour I have striven to do His will. To-day I love Him more than ever. I am at the front of the fight spending my time and talents in His service, and seeking to save others.

III.—Ensign Bogg's Account.

When I first heard of the S. A. I did not have any great desire to hear them, but some of my relatives were brought to speak through its instrumentalities, and while visiting them I began to attend the meetings. One Sunday night an officer spoke to me about accepting Christ. I made some remark about being as good as others, when the person referred to knelt down by and prayed for me. At once it dawned upon my mind that a stranger was in earnest about my salvation, and I was not so ashamed myself. That brought me to the Cross there, my heart was broken, and I truly understood that Christ suffered for me on the cross. I soon received a very definite knowledge that my sins on earth were forgiven. Ever since that glad hour I have found Jesus precious, and not one of His good promises have ever failed me.

After some months of soldiership, I applied for the work, was accepted, and I have spent many a happy year in living and fighting for Jesus. He

has enabled me to be faithful and has helped me to win many souls from darkness to light.

IV.—Captain J. Moore's Conversation.

I was brought up at Carboner, a thriving town on the shores of Conception Bay. My parents did all they could in looking after my comfort, and there was the Godly influence of a father's life. I suppose my eagerness to get away from home, coupled with the natural aversion to all that is Godly, that is born in us, tended to make me more hardened in after years.

I remember how I used to get my meals early so that I wouldn't be caught at prayer hour; and when I would be on my knees with the others of the family, while my father was praying, I would be cursing because he was keeping me. When I wanted to be off, I often went church and barnacles before I was saved, but never left seriously about my sins. In fact, I used to lay on my bed at night thinking about the future, and the only thing that troubled me about the judgment was that people would then know how bad I had been, and one or two individuals whom I had especially injured, would find out what I had done to them. As far as I know, I looked back at the past, not a morsel of regret was ever left by me, except the sin of my sins. On the night I got converted, that event happened on the 1st of April, 1891, Jesus saved me, and I have been saved ever since. I have never lost my first love, but rather have clung to God day and night to have it intensified. Father's prayers have been answered.

## PETER.

By F. R. B.

There is no other disciple of our Lord whose faults have been so prominently discussed in the Gospels as those of Peter, and doubtless many people, judging superficially, have considered him a changeable, impulsive, headstrong and cowardly man. That these charges are insupportable requires little more evidence than the statements contained in the Scriptures.

HE WAS IMPULSIVE—there is no mistaking about this—but after all, is impulsiveness a fault? We see so much covering over, so much hypocrisy, that when we meet a man who is quick to speak out his convictions, it comes rather like a refreshing draught to our dull senses of observation. Whatever an impulsive man says or does we can, I think, reckon that it is his sincere conviction, and we need not fear continually that there is some unknown motive, or some hidden reservation in his mind. To my mind the very fact that the Bible brings out Peter's faults more prominently than other figures demonstrates that he was a strong character, much appreciated by Jesus Christ. We find all the best characters of God's people in the Bible have been treated in the same way. God has most clearly exposed the sins of those He has loved best, not so much with a view to excuse their sins, and to show that it is impossible to be without them, but more so for our encouragement to give us to understand that even the most powerful and talented apostles were men like us, of flesh and blood, with like possibilities to fall; and for our example, that by their sins and the subsequent punishment of them, we might profit and avoid similar errors.

Not a Coward.

PETER WAS COURAGEOUS. It has been said that he was a coward, but that is certainly a hasty conclusion. In the first place, when Jesus chose Peter as His disciple, we read that he immediately left his ship and his father; he did not stop to bring up any objections, or advance any reasons why he should delay, or should go home instead of going with Christ, etc., like some of the other disciples.

Another instance. Once, when the disciples saw Christ approaching the storm-tossed ship, walking on the waves, they were afraid, until He said, "It is I, be not afraid." Was it not Peter who then said, "Bid me come to Thee, and I will"? This is another evidence of his boldness. When he was bid by the Saviour to step out on the waves, he did so without hesitation, and, even though he sank on account of distress, he had shown certainly a great deal more courage than the remaining apostles.

Again we see this courage manifested in the garden. When the disciples fled and some only followed from afar, Peter stepped boldly forward and drew his sword in defence of his Lord.

Although not the wish of Christ, it was certainly a manifestation of the courage of Peter. Then let us remember again the same night, when the others were hiding in the caves and the fields, Peter, however, stood by the Master, only from afar, yet he did more than the others.

We must not underestimate the courage it required for Peter to follow right up into the very court of the High Priest. It is a very easy thing for us to call him a coward because he followed from afar and delayed his Lord when pressed for a declaration, yet who of us would have done as much as Peter if we were placed in the same circumstances?

He was only human; he was in imminent danger of torture and imprisonment; so far everything seemed lost; everybody seemed to have forsaken Jesus Christ; the resurrection had not yet taken place; it was an enormous peril he went into, yet, he dared it, and, I say again, Peter was more courageous than other disciples, but his courage was marred, human courage only.

Neither a Turncoat.

Peter is accused of being CHANGEABLE. He certainly acted very suspiciously under pressure, but, as we said before, he did so simply because he recklessly placed himself in positions where he had to change or suffer beyond human endurance.

We do not excuse his flinching on these occasions, but we say there are many people who are never changed, so let us leave this, however, venture, as they are always dead certain their efforts are going to be successful, and if they are not quite sure about it, they do not attempt. This is so with the great majority; it is the average man, the matter of fact man; he does not require any faith, or trust, or goodness, or enterprise, or courage; anyone can do what he does. But the man who risks who dares, who trusts, who throws all the energies of his soul into the one thing called duty, of course, he will meet with difficulties; he may do over-estimated his strength and courage sometimes, and circumstances may force him to change, but on the whole he will accomplish more for God, he will learn more from his failures, and the world will gain more good from his mistakes than they will from the successes of the average man, a mean lasting good, that improves character and purifies the soul.

Then, the word changeable is very cleverly used, because very easily used by people when they cannot explain anything, and is a favorite platitude of those who wish to belittle others.

Some people consider that to be consistent, one must stick to the one opinion and the one course through life, even if one becomes convinced that one is wrong and that his opinion is damaging to others. Such a course, strictly speaking, is not consistent with the principles of Christianity. Change, virtue and spirituality, within certain limits is as necessary to the health of the mind as a change of clothing is to the body. We should hold an opinion only as long as we are convinced it is correct and consistent with the demands of God. As long as we are convinced of this we must hold it, but the moment circumstances or experiences teach us otherwise it is consistent that we should accept such modifications as are necessary for growth and development. It is only in this way that the development of mind and strengthening of character is possible. He can not be called changeable, for such is a casting away of convictions and principles, for changeableness advises any course and any opinions which suit the fancy or personal advantage, and in such a sense Peter was never changeable.

In conclusion, we must judge Peter as Jesus himself did when He said, "Upon this rock I will build My church." The Master said, "Not the learned Paul, nor even the toiling John, the disciple of His bosom, but Peter was chosen as the rock." Peter was the General that commanded the first corps of Salvationists at Jerusalem; Peter kept the small crowd of hundred disciples together, Peter preached in the first open-air, when such a tremendous number were added to the Roll Call. Peter stood like an immovable rock after the Pentecostal outpouring, when the Holy Spirit laid fixed every fibre of his body, soul and spirit upon the great theme of Christ's life, the Salvation of Men.

Let us learn the lessons of Peter's life, and, like him, be zealous in pushing the war against sin and in declaring one love for Him Who has first loved us, and avoid his mistakes; viz., boasting in our own strength, and lean only on the strong arm of Jehovah.

You cannot dream yourself into a character.  
You must hammer and forge yourself one.

—Fraude.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:  
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?  
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?  
PROPERTY DEEDS?  
MORTGAGES?  
INSURANCES, OR  
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR  
CREDITORS, OR  
MORTGAGERS?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent lawyer.  
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, & a small fee to cover expenses, will be charged.



## THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Lord Provost of Dundee, Scotland, has invited Mr. Bramwell Booth, in the Municipal Parlor, to listen to an address from her on the Rescue Work. The proceeds will benefit the local Rescue Work.

The poultry section of the Farm Colony sent some birds for exhibition to a show in Belfast, with the following results:—With six entries five different breeds took two first prizes, two second prizes, one reserve prize, one very highly commended.

The latest English Cry contains the following item: "Major and Mrs. Pickering have been farewelled with sincere regards, both by officers, soldiers and comrades. May they be blessed in their new command as they have been over here." Their new command will be found in the Colonels notes this week."

Some idea of the large proportions of our Army in Great Britain may be gathered from the fact that in the latest Cry there are eight officers' marriages reported, 26 promotions, 212 appointments, and 12 deaths.

## UNITED STATES.

The recent Staff Councils held in New York will be looked back upon as the dawning of a new era in the States. Every Staff Officer speaks enthusiastically of them.

The Army has lost a good friend of the Rescue Work in the death of Mr. James Lowe. The following appeared in a local paper: "Indeed, General Horning, the family of the late Mr. James Lowe sent \$50 to the Salvation Army Rescue Home. To the envelope which contained the offering was attached a purple ribbon and a card, on which was written: 'To our dear father, A last tribute to the cause nearest his heart.—Annie, Mabel and Robert.'"

Major McIntyre, an old Canadian officer, whose Headquarters are in Buffalo, is now Brigadier. We congratulate him on behalf of his many friends.

The Consul was unable, on account of sickness, to be present at the Staff Councils.

Capt. and Mrs. Coote, recently transferred to the States, from Canada, have lost their darling Herbert.

Staff-Capt. Joe Ludgate is promoted Major.

"Joe the Turk" has been in jail again, and once more released. The case against him was dismissed.

## GERMANY.

The German Self-Denial effort realizes nearly \$5,000. This is considerably in excess of last year's.

Commissioner McKie has been increasing his Garrison accommodation. He hopes, in July, to have the greatest number of Candidates in training that have yet been got together in Germany.

At Danzig, the landlord of our barracks—who is a publican, and has his beer-hall underneath our barracks—engaged a band of musicians during Self-Denial Week, and gave a free concert in his hall every night in the hope of attracting the people from our hall to his. The street was crowded with people listening to the music of the band and the singing in the Salvation Army hall, but while our hall was filled, the beer-hall remained empty. The Salvationists had very fine meetings. The devil overshot his mark on this occasion.

## JAPAN.

Colonel Bailey recently conducted an international meeting in the Central Tabernacle, Harge. This is the largest church building in Japan. About 700 persons were present, and great interest manifested. A collection was taken up and about fifteen thousand yen given. This is the largest sum ever taken for such an audience at the Central Tabernacle. The Japanese papers give very sympathetic accounts of the meeting.

The Japanese soldiers are made of the right stuff. At Kasokai corps, the soldiers said that a convert had been made. Most of the other converts and soldiers met together at the barracks to pray for the comrades' restoration. While they were praying, he passed by the barracks; they fetched him in and continued to pray for him. When open-air time came round, they marched him off to the open-air meeting, although he still continued impudent. Thinking, however, that he might try to give them the slip at the open-air, two comrades went to a neighborhood where they suspected he would come, and, sure enough, along came the backslider, whereupon they seized him and marched him to the barracks, where he got properly restored to the favor of God.

## INDIA.

Brigadier Yuddha Bai and Endius Rupal Bai, Ulashi, and Endus Pharsa and wife left Bombay on May 20th, by the steamer "Bulawayo," for England. They are on a well-merited furlough.

The Village Banks in India are doing good work, as the following incident, which took place in the Ramnathkuma Division, shows: "A soldier, who is a member of the Bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about 300 rupees, upon which he had to pay off three hundred per cent interest. On his return from money-lending or claimed settlement from the wife, knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the paltry sum of three hundred rupees. This would have meant ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in this village, she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount, and the Bank repaid her lands, and arranged the sum to the Bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent."

## SWEDEN.

A large and beautiful house has been bought to be used for a Rescue Home. The price is 27,000 kr., which is to be paid by the 1st of October.

A wide-spreading chance of D. O.'s took place in May, affecting several cities. Several new Districts were opened.

During the short time the Rescue Work has existed in Sweden, 700 girls have gone through the Homes, and 70 per cent are satisfactory, many of them are saved and sanctified.

Preparations are being made for the Summer Congress, which will take place in the beginning of July.

A feast in honor of the General's birthday was held at Gothenburg 1. and Major Marin enrolled the General's Birthday Brigade, which consisted of 25 recruits. Great enthusiasm prevailed.

At the international farewell meeting in the Temple, seven Staff Officers farewelled for India, Denmark and Finland, and seventeen Cadets got their final marching orders for the Swedish field.

## NORWAY.

The Chief of the Staff held a large meeting for soldiers and recruits during his recent visit.

The S. A. Exhibition to be held in London will have a party from Norway.

## FINLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has promoted Adj. Forsblom to the rank of Staff Captain.

The Headquarters' Sewing Society opened its sale of work in May.

## BRITISH GUIANA.

Staff-Capt. Wigby conducted some very encouraging meetings on board the ships of the American Fleet which called at Barbados.

At Barbados there are thirty-three companies of Juniors, with an attendance of 280 children, and three Bands of Love.

Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Nothing is impossible. There are ways which lead to everything, and if we had sufficient will we could always have sufficient means.—Rochefoucauld.

The common problem, yours, mine, and every one's, is—How can I be? Is not to know what were fair in life, provided it could be? Then find how to make it fair—Up to our means—a very different thing.—Browning.

## Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' VISIT TO SHERBROOKE.

I have been requested to write up a report for the War Cry re Lieut.-Colonel Margetts' visit. As it is not in my line of business you will have to excuse me if I do not fill the bill.

The meeting opened with a song from the Soldiers' Song Book, followed by prayer, singing and testimonies. The Lieut.-Colonel was introduced for the first time to a Sherbrooke audience by the D. O., who filled the chair admirably. As the Colonel remarked to the audience, he was under the control of the ladies, so he had to be obedient. The Colonel said that the song was all right; it took the cake. The solo from the Emerald Isle spoke as did also Capt. Parton, Lieut. Burtt and others. The Colonel sang another solo, read a few verses from the Word, and then proceeded with his address. The meeting was very much appreciated, although there were no visible results in souls being saved. God was present and eternity no doubt will show some fruit of the meeting. Come again, Colonel.—X. C.

## RECEPTION

Of Major and Mrs. Turner, and a Hallelujah Wedding at Lippincott St.

The newly-promoted Major and his wife were duly welcomed at an officers' council, at which I was privileged to be present on Wednesday afternoon. From the hearty testimonies that were given, I concluded that the officers were well saved and a spiritually healthy lot of men and women, and judging from their warm words of welcome, they evidently did not want very much persuading that Major and Mrs. Turner were the right people in the right place.

The Major and his wife each gave a welcome address, when went down like ice-cream on a hot day. Brigadier Gaskin piloted the meeting, and ventured a few remarks in his characteristic style. Adjt. DesBrusay had prepared a nice talk for the officers, and we were favored with the presence of our devoted Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs. After the tea the Colonel duly and officially installed Major Turner in his official capacity, and enlarged upon his relationships to the Central Ontario Province.

The public meeting at night was rendered doubly interesting by the fact that in addition to it being the public reception to Major and Mrs. Turner, it was also the wedding of Miss Cleaver and John Shaw. The Chief Secretary conducted the proceedings in his usual up-to-date fashion.

## 113 YEARS.

Major Collier read a few verses of Scripture and commented thereon. Then came the Articles of Marriage, to which the bride and bridegroom responded with energy, for they glanced to the front like a young man and maiden, and did not show any trace of being encumbered by their united 113 years' journey through life's highway. The speeches which followed were lively, interesting and instructive. They were especially relished by the very large audience, which applauded to their hearts' content.

Then came the public reception of our new Chancellors. The Colonel spoke in energetic terms in the spirit and mark of our new comittee, Mrs. Turner spoke from her heart in shall I say, a truly womanly style. The Major's address was humorous, affectionate and modern, dealt with the past and prospected the future, and was a joy from every point of view.

Brigadier Gaskin, the P. O., welcomed the Major and his wife on behalf of the Central Ontario Province in a vigorous speech.

I will stop now and refrain from speaking about the hearty handshakes received by the bright pair and the now Chancellors, former campion, ministering friends, and will also leave you to guess how very appetizing was the ice-cream after a hot and crowded meeting.—An Old-Time Soldier.

Three

ANNIVERSARY WORK

Mayor Teetzel nominating

town

THE third anniversary of the Hamlet of Hamlet, May, portent and has ever with the Re-

Saturday welcome to Saturday, Brigadier Gaskin and his wife, Adjutant welcome to Mrs. Read and, although her whole impression the mind blotted to

Lake Erie, his usual pleasure of also referring Brigadier Captain personal te-

Everything Sunday met all that con- number of were repre- the battle of

The Hail blessed that Foster and Major Steve took for h speak- receive pow to the infor- was mean- them the conditi

One Sunday morning we took part all who were Mayor T

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Teetzel, B. not Ogilvie ministers to form, a Citadel, philanthropy with the two ho

"Stand lined out heartily I Mr. Gould rose to his and appla what su highest to S. A. sa philanthroping this c more val General. I great Socie

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I will stop now and refrain from speaking about the hearty hand-shakes received by the bridal pair and the new Chancellors, from many admiring friends, and will also leave you to guess how very appetizing was the ice-cream after a hot and crowded meeting.—An Old-Time Soldier.

## Three Years' Work

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE WOMEN'S RESCUE WORK IN THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

**Mayor Teetzel Presides—Ministers of Four Denominations Speak of the Work—Influential Gathering—Deepest Interest—Practical Sympathy.**

**T**HIS third anniversary of the inauguration of our Rescue work in Hamilton was held in the S. A. Citadel on the 20th and 21st of May. It was by far the most important and influential gathering that has ever taken place in connection with the Rescue Work in that city.

Saturday night was announced as a welcome to our Women's Social Secretary, Brigadier Mrs. Read and her supporters, Major Stewart and Capt. Easton, and a good crowd of soldiers and friends present attended a most hearty welcome.

Adj't Moore expressed a warm welcome to the visitors, after which Mrs. Read took hold of the meeting, and, although far from well, set threw her whole soul into it that a lasting impression must have been made on the mind and hearts of those who listened to her words.

Ensign Fletcher sang a solo, and in his usual frank way expressed his pleasure at the presence of the visitors, also referring to the life of the late Brigadier Read. Major Stewart and Captain Easton added a few words of personal testimony and earnest appeal.

Everything seemed favorable for our Sunday meetings. The weather was all that could be desired, and a goodly number gathered for kneecap, and were refreshed and strengthened for the battle of the day.

The Homeless meeting was also a blessed time of inspiration. Captain Easton and Ensign Fletcher sang. Major Stewart spoke and Mrs. Read took for her subject "Conservation," speaking from the words, "Ye shall receive power," making it very clear to the minds of those present what was meant by the text, and urging them then and there to comply with the conditions.

### The Social Gathering.

Our anniversary dinner was the Sunday afternoon meeting, and the bountiful words spoken by those who took part will long be remembered by all who were present.

Major Teetzel presided at this gathering. When His Worship and Mrs. Teetzel, Brigadier Mrs. Read, Governor Ogilvie, and a number of the city nobility took their places on the platform, a splendid crowd filled the Citadel. Many leading citizens and philanthropic workers were present, while the attentive audience stayed on for two hours with unabated interest.



Major Teetzel, Hamilton.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus" was sung out by Adj't Moore and sang heartily by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Gould led in prayer. The Mayor rose to his feet, and after the volley and applause of greeting had somewhat subsided, commenced in the highest terms the work done by the S. A., saying "that among all the philanthropic schemes set on foot during this century, he considered none of more value than that originated by General Booth. He referred to the great Social Meeting lately held in the

Mission House, and said whereas the Army was once derided by rich and poor, it was now recognized by all classes. For himself, he felt that Hamilton could not do without the Army, and he would use his influence to get a larger grant or support to begin with next year. He then called upon Mrs. Read, who, thinking the chairman heartily for the warm words of commendation he had just spoken, proceeded to explain the character of the work carried on by the Women's Social Department in the Dominion. Mrs. Read gave many intelligent proofs of the need of this work, also taking up and answering the question, "Do these Institutions make the way of salvation easy?" Mrs. Read also gave the report of the three years' work and concluded by thanking the citizens in the name of the Commissioner for the liberal support given Adj't Jordan, and continued to the new Matron, Ensign Kerr.



Rev. Dr. Beavis, Pastor Congregational Church, Hamilton.

Rev. Mr. Beavis, a friend of the Army in this city, was the next speaker. Although he could not be a Socialist himself, he much appreciated the work the Army did. Many years ago, when others ridiculed, he said, "You just wait, and see." The day has come when all is changed, and the Army is doing a work the churches cannot do. He had watched and studied the different phases of the work, and saw how they were owned and blessed of God. While political economists were talking of what ought to be done, the S. A. had taken hold of the problem and had been doing something.

### Governor Ogilvie,

of the County Jail, was next called upon. He commenced by asking if it were necessary for citizens to support such a home? He considered it was. Some time ago when he had his doubts about the utility of the Army work, he went to Toronto, looked into and examined the work there, and satisfied himself that the institutions were well and systematically managed, by good, kind and tested officers, who had given themselves to the work. He had no doubt now, whatever of the work being beneficial, and considered it cheaper even, from an economical standpoint, to care for these girls in this way than pay for their maintenance. In Government institutions, he felt that these people could not have better influence thrown upon them than at the Army Homes. The Governor then quoted magnanimous statistics, showing that in 1887 and 1888 there were 332 women and 46 girls committed to the Department, and in 1897 and 1898 there were but 336 women and 23 girls. For this he had been looking around for causes, and attributes it to the faithful work done by the Army and other like workers. "I want to say this before taking my seat," he continued, "that the resuming of one character, referred to by Mrs. Read, so well-known to almost everyone in the city, and to no authority particular, is due to the fact the citizens for over twenty years have cost them." (Applause.)

The chairman rose at this juncture and asked for a collection to aid the work. He said, "This is a paying investment, and everyone should invest all they can spare in it."

H. J. Illes, Evangelist, sang "To Jesus I will go, Who will pardon all my woe," while a liberal offering was taken up.

Rev. Mr. Emerson expressed his sat-

isfaction at seeing the Chief Magistrate of the city in the chancery, and he was glad to know that while Mayor Teetzel was so interested in having good roads all over the city, he was also interested in the moral road his people travel in. The S. A. is a road leading people from the lowest condition to higher ground.

He was interested in the Rescue Home, for he lived near the Home, and was familiar with the work done. He had been interested in the S. A. ever since first hearing the General, many years ago. The S. A. had quick hearing. They heard the word many years ago, "Son, go work."

Rev. Mr. Jansen, Presbyterian, was very much interested in work done by social institutions. He thought it was the work of the Good Samaritan. Hoped himself to be a Captain, or something higher, some day. Prayed the day might never come when the Army would get too high for the work entrusted to them.

Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, the last speaker, made use of the few moments left him to pour forth a volley of shot and shell that would avail present to a soldier possessed of the crysal of salvation. He spoke of the crysal of salvation. He believed in the Army and in the principles which governed its institutions. While he had no pictures with men who made Rescue Homes a necessity, still he thanked God that something was done for the vileness.

He assured the Army that while they filled their God-given position the best, wisest, and most honored of every land would be at their back.

The splendid gathering dispersed at five o'clock.

Hamilton's press is always generous to the Army, and each paper gave glowing reports.

### Saviour Service.

On Sunday night we bid with us the Evangelists H. J. and T. Illes, who added very materially to the interest of the meeting. Major Stewart spoke of her entire consecration to the interests of the Kingdom, and her delight in the will of God. Capt. Easton followed, singing a solo after which Mrs. Read took up the words of the evening, "Profit and Lose," and spoke from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!" She carried her audience with her, and brought them face to face with the realities of eternity in such a way that none could leave that meeting as careless as they entered. The presence of God was with us all through the Anniversary gathering, and eternity alone will reveal the work accomplished.

## Moncton's Anniversary.

Brigadier Pugmire sends us the following clipping from a Moncton newspaper:

"The Moncton Corps of the Salvation Army fittingly celebrated its fourteenth anniversary yesterday. In addition to a number of district officers from the surrounding corps, there were present Brigadier Pugmire, and Staff-Captain Taylor, of St. John, who had charge of the services of the day. These two officers were met at the church in the morning, and joined the band on the arrival of the morning train from St. John, and escorted with ceremonial honors to the barracks. An open-air meeting was held at the corner of Main and Robinson streets in the afternoon, and another service held in the barracks in the evening, both led by Brigadier Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Taylor. At the close of the evening service a sale of ice cream was held in the hall. The services were well-attended, and the liberation was very successful.

Eddie Peacock, the band leader, which deserves praise for its work, considering the short time it had been in existence, was in evidence during the day, at the hall and in the mureches."

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words with sunbeams, the more they are pondered, the deeper they burn." —Southey.

xxxxx

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years. Meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherubil.



Sister Mrs. Christoe

Promoted from Millbrook Corps to a Mansion Above.

We extend the sympathy of the corps and surrounding community to Bro. James Christoe and his three little ones in their sad bereavement, and earnestly pray that our heavenly Father may cheer their homes.

About three weeks previous to her death Mrs. Christoe had the joy of knowing that her three little ones—Alice, May, and Mand—had come out to our public penitent form and confessed Christ as their personal Saviour.

Mrs. Christoe went to Toronto on Monday morning to undergo an operation, and on Sunday, when we came in on the march, we heard that during the morning her spirit had fled to Jesus.

Mrs. Christoe was converted under Capt. Magee, her husband under Captain Downey and Jones.

On Wednesday we met at the house to pay our last token of respect to our departed comrade. We went from there to the grave, and as we saw the coffin gently lowered in mother earth, we realized all was over till we meet at the grand Roll Call.—Albert Domon.

## Snaredrummer Eddie Peacock,

of Peterboro Corps, Promoted to Glory.

Twenty Souls at His Memorial Service—His Father Leads the Way.

God, in His love and wisdom, has taken from our ranks below, to swell the hosts above, one of the members of the Peterboro band, Eddie Peacock. For a number of years he has been the snare drummer. He was converted when a mere child.

Some months ago he became ill and was taken to the hospital with what seemed to be fever. His mother came to Peterboro, the family having removed to Amherst a few months previous, to give him all the care a mother could. He rallied enough to be taken home, but never fully recovered, and on Saturday, May 31st, at 1 p.m., his spirit went to be with God. His body was brought out to Peterboro Saturday evening, and on Sunday, his funeral took place.

After the afternoon meeting the corps marched to Sgt.-Major Brundt's, where a service was held. Hundreds had gathered and listened longfully to sing and testimony. A service was also held around the grave, and as Band-Sergt. Brooks and Sgt.-Major Comstock spoke of the life of our young comrade hours were moved and when the crowd that surrounded the grave was asked to raise their hands, if they determined, with God's help, to meet him in heaven a large number responded. In the evening a memorial service was conducted in the barracks. Several comrades spoke feelingly of his life, and at the close 20 souls—Sons and Daughters—came to the penitent form. Eddie's father was the first to respond to the invitation. On the question being asked, "Who will volunteer to take Eddie's place?" his father rose and said, "I will take his place."

During his illness he often conversed with his mother and the officers of the Aurora corps concerning his soul's condition, and always had a bright testimony. He was delighted when he heard of his elder brother's conversion a few months ago in Peterboro.

He sent his dying message to some of his young comrades in Peterboro, asking them to give their hearts to God, while one of them did at his memorial service, saying in his testimony he was going to meet Eddie in Heaven.—Adj't. Alkenhead.

# Hustlers' Rendezvous

## SOUTHALL, ON ARAB, STILL IN FRONT.

Positions Remain as Usual.

MAJOR McMILLAN PULLING UP WELL

When Will Nigger's Day Come Round Again?

### A FEW NOTELETS.

1. Will Nigger ever earn his oats again?

2. Is Arab to remain for ever unbroken?

3. Can it be possible that Mag will always be just a few steps behind Arab?

4. Is it possible to beat Capt. Hellman's sail of 270?

5. Has Major McMillan hopes of winning that medal?

6. Will any one boomer dare slacken speed because of the not worth it?

(How would "NO" do for an answer to each question? If you don't like it that way, try "YES"; and if you don't like it then, why just put your own answer.)

xxxxx

I'm not saying a word about one or two things. I will bye-and-bye. I'm just waiting and watching. From the tower here I can see a long way, and a great many things, too. Don't you mind it in the dark? I know a thing or two about a few people. I'll let our when I think it advisable.

xxxxx



"Off in the silly night" or, have Bladie Gaspé's dreams are disturbed since he lost his laurels. Will he not heed the loud call?

xxxxx

Capt. Thompson, of Campbellton, N.B., informs me that "people like the City around here, from the Mayor down." Well, of course they do. I lay myself open to the charge of self-praise, I know, but I must say in all sincerity, that, as a religious weekly, the War Cry has no superior.

xxxxx

My esteemed comrade, P. S. M. Bell, of St. Catharines, is alive yet. He intends bringing the Garden City into prominence, if I mistake not. If he is healthy, and speaks for himself, St. Kito, can you do no better?

xxxxx

What's the matter with this suggestion? Why can't our brave P. S. M. arrange a little council with the Segments, by way of encouragement. Have a few words and throw out a few hints on War Cry selling, etc.; then a little prayer, and, lastly, pass around the oranges, etc., not forgetting the ice cream. Try it.

xxxxx

### Notes.

Major McMillan, of Winnipeg, has a good boomers' list this week.

Capt. McNaney, a boomer from East Ontario, is on rest for a while.

The special Boomers' Cry is still in the near future.

You haven't got to be a commissioned Sergeant in order to sell War Cry. A convert can get to work at it.

This is poetry:

War Cry for me,  
Let me never be without it;  
War Cry for me,  
That's the way I feel.

Mother Lewis, a veteran Montreal I. boomer, is unable to get at her loved work. Sympathy from me, Mother.

Where are Hamilton I. boomers this week?

Watch Brigadier Howell's list. How it grows!

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford ... 270

MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock ... 225

LIEUT. FYFE, Chilton ... 125

ENSIGN OTTAWA, Guelph ... 100

CAPT. GIBSON, Sarnia ... 100

MRS. ADJT. HUGHES, Stratford ... 100

Lieut. Capt. W. H. Williams ... 91

Capt. H. H. Tilsonburg ... 92

S.M. Mrs. Cook, Chatham ... 88

Lieut. Howwood, Petrolia ... 85

Capt. Hoodinott, Stratford ... 80

Sister G. Yeomans, Chatham ... 78

Ensigo Scott, Galt ... 75

Lieut. Burrows, Wallaceburg ... 73

Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas ... 73

Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas ... 70

Lieut. Sitzer, Dresden ... 69

Lieut. Copeman, Seaford ... 65

Sister D. Bond, Whitchurch ... 63

Capt. Carley, Ridgeview ... 62

Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll ... 62

Capt. G. H. W. Wainwright ... 60

Capt. Wilfong, Hospital ... 58

Sister Foster, Petrolia ... 58

Sister Schmidt, Paris ... 55

Sgt-Major Allan, Mitchell ... 54

Capt. Brindley, Goderich ... 53

Lieut. Smith, Galt ... 53

Sister McCubbin, Leamington ... 45

Ida Thompson, Sarnia ... 44

Annie Wright, Ingersoll ... 43

Sgt. M. Ross, Goderich ... 42

Capt. Rees, Norwell ... 41

Capt. Pyne, Palmerston ... 40

Sister L. G. H. Hespeler ... 38

Sister L. H. L. Lenington ... 38

Bro. Beau, Wainfleetburg ... 35

Sgt. Graham, Thamesville ... 35

Capt. McDonald, Drayton ... 35

Capt. Liston, Watford ... 34

Sgt. Schuster, Berlin ... 34

Sgt. Livins, Ingersoll ... 32

Ensigo Green, Simcoe ... 30

Sgt. Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll ... 30

Sister Milton, Stratford ... 30

Capt. McCutcheon, Ridgeview ... 30

Mrs. Ensign Mellang, Windsor ... 30

Capt. Hales, Bayfield ... 30

Adjt. Conibear, Bayfield ... 30

Adjt. Conibear, Berlin ... 30

E. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll ... 29

Sgt. Major Scott, Guelph ... 27

Capt. Keefer, Sarnia ... 27

Capt. Green, Simcoe ... 27

Sec. Gifford, Simcoe ... 27

Lieut. Hollingsworth, Goderich ... 26

Sgt. Brendwell, Kingsville ... 25

Lieut. Muirhead, Listowel ... 25

Lieut. Jordison, Essex ... 25

Capt. Matthes, Listowel ... 25

Mrs. Capt. Hartman, Blyth ... 24

Capt. E. H. Vallanceburg ... 24

Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin ... 23

Capt. Christie, Dresden ... 23

Ensigo Orchard, Palmerston ... 23

Capt. Howcroft, Forest ... 23

Lieut. Baldwin, Thedford ... 23

Lieut. Winters, Holliston ... 23

Capt. Boumby, Bothwell ... 23

Capt. White, Winkerton ... 23

Mrs. Lott, Brunsels ... 23

Bro. Musgrave, Roxeter ... 23

Mrs. Smith, Thedford ... 23

Edna Quirk, Stratford ... 23

Mrs. McLean, St. Thomas ... 23

Carry McCreath, St. Thomas ... 23

Sister G. Crafts, Chatham ... 23

Sister Roubillard, Chatham ... 23

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Mrs. McQuha, Blyth ... 23

Mrs. Steel, Petrolia ... 23

Sgt-Major Howlett, Petrolia ... 23

Mrs. Cutting, Essex ... 23

Capt. Dowell, Essex ... 23

Mrs. McAleavy, Essex ... 23

Mrs. Laird, Essex ... 23

Capt. Crawford, Bayfield ... 23

Capt. Slote, Hespeler ... 23

Capt. McNaney, a boomer from East Ontario, is on rest for a while.

The special Boomers' Cry is still in the near future.

You haven't got to be a commissioned Sergeant in order to sell War Cry. A convert can get to work at it.

A convert can get to work at it.

This is poetry:

War Cry for me,

Let me never be without it;

War Cry for me,

That's the way I feel.

### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

28 Hustlers.

LIEUT. BROOKETS, Ottawa ... 132

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CAPT. WILSON, Peterborough ... 100

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Sister Bushey, Burlington ... 55

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Sgt. Mrs. Mays, Bracebridge ... 55

Sgt. Slapson, Yorkville ... 55

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bird ... 55

Bro. Bradley, Temple ... 55

Capt. Welch, Dovercourt ... 55

Capt. Good, Social Farm ... 55

Capt. Chipper, Orangeville ... 55

Capt. Edward, Orangeville ... 55

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Sergeant Hudson, Ligar St. ... 55

Capt. True, St. John I. ... 55

Capt. P. S. M. Mattice, Cornwall ... 55

Capt. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown ... 55

Capt. Bradford, New Glasgow ... 55

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Capt. J. S. M. Thompson, Port Hope ... 55

Sister Darling, Port Hope ... 55

Capt. Hearnes, Barrie ... 55

Capt. B. M. Campbell, Campbellford ... 55

Sister McLean, Peterborough ... 55

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Capt. Newell, Morrisburg ... 55

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Capt. Bro. Illescy, Baare ... 55

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## A Good Shepherd:

OR,

### What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Dear Sir, In my duty as a shepherd, I think I have mentioned before that from the middle of May till the middle of October I am troubled very much about the maggots in the sheep's skin. This is owing to the many, many old wool that sheep has on their backs, which stinks. The flies smell it, and so they lay their eggs in those places, and in a few hours these eggs are turned into maggots, and if these are not destroyed, in three days the sheep is eaten to death. Sometimes, in stormy weather, there will be thirty or forty such sheep in one day amongst 500, and so you may think that I have to watch my sheep very closely in order to keep them from being eaten up.

I must pass on to the end of May. Then comes the sheep-washing, which is a very tiresome work for the poor shepherd, as he has to be up very early in the morning to get all the sheep to the wash-pond by the time that the other men come to work, or by the time that they are ready to commence washing.

Wash to God that all human sheep will be willing to be washed in the precious blood of Christ! What a glorious world would be among the angels in Heaven!

I may mention that, between the washing and the shearing, the maggotty is more busy than at any other time; and it is just the same with the human sheep. As soon as the man or woman has given life or her heart to God, the devil attacks him in a determined manner, but as soon as they are washed, or, in other words, as soon as they have consecrated themselves wholly to God, the devil hasn't got anywhere to lay his eggs in. In other words, as soon as the human sheep turns his back on the edge of the fold, and starts off with a determined step to the middle of his field, keeping their whole heart and soul stayed upon God, that makes the devil scratch his head, because that is the way to give him good trouble.

I might pass on the sheep shearing, which is a very important operation, and one that is looked forward to for some time by the shepherd, as it takes a heavy burden off his mind. Because, after the old coat is taken off, there is, as I have said before, nowhere for the maggotty to lay its eggs in. But still the shepherd has no clue to boast over one victory, because there is another battle close at his heels. So now he is to be a captain in the Salvation Army, who, like a lion, valiant and valiant conduct in his station, has won the parents and brought them out of bondage, and into the fold of Christ, where the devil has no more power over them. But then he will sneer and say, "If I have lost you, I will have a bat at your children, and I will work in them till I can get you back again!"

It is much the same with the poor shepherd, for, as sure as the sheep are sheared, the maggotty will be waiting with them, and will attack the lambs, and so he is worried with this trouble in the lambs till the weaning time. When the lambs are weaned, they are dipped into a lotion of sulphur and arsenic and other ingredients, that these flies do not like, and by this means the shepherd is freed from his trouble for a little while. But no sooner are the lambs all right than the sheep's wool is grown again, so that the flies make another attack upon them.

I may mention that there is a difference between the human sheep and the natural sheep as regards shearing. The natural sheep are only shorn once a year, but, thank God, most of the human sheep of the Salvation Army have a shearing time twice a week—Friday nights and Sunday mornings—when there is a lot of the old wool rotting along, and the devil, the Great Sinner, is willing to eat it off if the sheep is willing to part with it.

There are some of the natural flock that never get maggotty at all. They are those who are born with pure skins, for when the skin is pure the wool will grow through the pure skin is pure also, and these flies will have nothing to do with that which is pure and sweet.

—From the Klondike Nugget.

#### CHAPTER V.

Sometimes I have a sheep or a lamb that I find struck with these flies every morning, perhaps, for a week. Although I keep applying the lotion to kill the maggots, the sheep's skin is so thick that they cannot get to the skin. This is owing to the many, many old wool that sheep has on their backs, which stinks. The flies smell it, and so they lay their eggs in those places, and in a few hours these eggs are turned into maggots, and if these are not destroyed, in three days the sheep is eaten to death. Sometimes, in stormy weather, there will be thirty or forty such sheep in one day amongst 500, and so you may think that I have to watch my sheep very closely in order to keep them from being eaten up.

Still, this they have to be followed up from day to day, till, bye-and-bye, the shepherd gains the victory, and the fly leaves that sheep; but without leaving a mark behind that causes him a lot of trouble, as, where they keep gnawing the sheep's skin time after time—the lotion also that has to be applied in order to kill them, being a very oily paint, sticks to the skin, and the wool and rotted skin come off, leaving a great sore place, and, this being in the heat of summer, the smaller sort of flies pitch on it and tease the poor sheep fearfully. They either scratch those sore places or bite them according to where they are, as where it cannot reach to scratch, as it will gnaw with its teeth, and so it is a sore place for months. But it is not only on the sheep that the devil is bent on seeing after out of, perhaps, 600 sheep that he has under his care. Sometimes he has forty with sore places on them that have to be dressed every day, besides thirty or forty maggotty ones that have to be attended to, and perhaps forty or fifty lame ones to dress. Out of the hundred beasts that are under his charge, perhaps some have broken through the fence into another farmer's field, or have run away, or been lost; or, perhaps, two or three of the lots of lambs have to be moved from field to field, and have to be driven through fields where other beasts are, and, of course this cannot be done without getting them mixed together, and if so, the shepherd and his dog have to part them.

There is one more matter that I should like to bring before you with regard to my duties, and that is a very important one. I have told you that the shepherd has to be a captain in the Salvation Army, who, like a lion, valiant and valiant conduct in his station, has won the parents and brought them out of bondage, and into the fold of Christ, where the devil has no more power over them. But then he will sneer and say, "If I have lost you, I will have a bat at your children, and I will work in them till I can get you back again!"

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The devil is the maggotty, and he knows where the place where it stinks in the sight of God. As soon as a person is converted to God, the devil works in a determined manner to find where there is a little bit of the old wool that he may lay his eggs in it. If, however, the human sheep will allow themselves to be shorn down close to the skin, there will be no place left for the devil, and he will have to stand off at a distance and grind his teeth, because he is complete-

(To be continued.)

#### REFRESHING DRINKS.

##### Apple Drink.

Put a gallon of fresh water on to boil; cut up a pound of apples in the water, and boil them until they can be pulped; pass the liquor through a colander; boil it again with half-a-pound of honey, and bottle for use, taking care NOT to cork the bottle, and keep in a cool place; the apples may be eaten with sugar.

##### Apple Barley-Water.

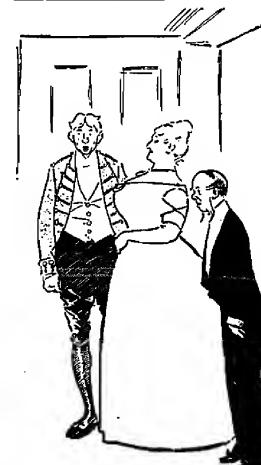
A quarter of a pound of pearl barley added to the above, and boiled for one hour, makes a nice drink for invalids.

##### Apple Rice-Water.

Half-a-pound of rice, boiled in the apple until in pulp, passed through a colander, and drink cold.

All kinds of fruit may be done in the same way. Figs and Freue plums are excellent; also raisins.

A little ginger, if approved, may be used.



At the Smith's Reception Party.

Enter "MRS." and Mr. Snodgrass. Servant has just been reading a War Cry, which the cook, an Army soldier, gave him. His mind so absorbed he can think of nothing else. Announces to the astonishment of the assembled hosts and guests, the arrival of "Mr. and Mrs. War Cry."

# Songs of Salvation.

## Come, Great Spirit.

Tunes.—Judgement day (B.J. 65); I will not let Thee go (B.J. 57, 2); Oh, the voice (B.J. 60, 2); St. Peter's (B.J. 128); We'll fight until (B.J. 55, 2); A little ship (B.J. 18, 3); My God, the spring (B.J. 285, 4).

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers;  
1 And make this house Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious  
powers,  
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

Chorus.

Come as the Fire, and purge our  
hearts  
Like Pentecost flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's Name!

Come as the Dew, and sweetly bless,  
This consecrated hour;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the Dove, and spread Thy  
wings.  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy saints on earth become  
Blest as the saints above.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers.  
And make our hearts Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

## Power to Conquer.

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.B. 21, B.A. 220); Stella (B.L. 25); Euphony (B.L. 138); Madrid, (B.L. 176); Eaton (B.M. 167).

2 O Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry!  
And at my needs just now supply;  
New power I want, and strength,  
And light.

That I may conquer in the fight,  
Oh, let me have, wherever I go,  
My strength, to conquer every foe.

I need Thy love my heart to fill,  
To tell to all Thy blessed will.  
And to the hopeless souls make known  
The power that dwells in Thee alone,  
And then, whatever I shall go,  
Thy power shall conquer every foe.

Oh! make my life one blazing fire  
Of pure and fervent heart desire;  
Come now, my Saviour, from above,  
And deluge all my soul with love.  
So that, wherever I may go,  
Thy love shall conquer every foe.

## Praise the Lord!

Tune.—Come, shout and sing (B.L. 19).

3 With heart and voice we do rejoice  
Our sins are washed away;  
What joy to know that here below,  
Our Lord in manner lay  
For us to live and die,  
Salvation to supply,  
We have been born again, oh, praise  
the Lord!

Chorus.

We know we have been born again,  
Oh, yes, praise the Lord!  
We know we have been born again,  
Oh, yes, praise the Lord!  
We know, this very hour,  
That through the Saviour's power  
We have been born again, oh, praise  
the Lord!

His life on earth, right from His birth,  
Was lived in love and kind;—  
His voice so dear did bless and cheer,  
He gave sight to the blind;  
And still He is the same;

Oh, glory to His Name!  
We have been born again, oh, praise  
the Lord!

Sinner, would you be born again?  
Come as a little child;  
For Christ is here to save and cheer,  
With Him be reconciled;  
Yourself an offering bring;  
And then with us you'll sing,  
We have been born again, oh, praise  
the Lord!

Joe Cooke, Envoy.

## Constrained to Love.

Tune.—This is why I love my Jesus  
(B.J. 104).

4 Would you know why I love Jesus?  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because my blessed Jesus  
From my sin has ransomed me.

Chorus.

This is why I love my Jesus.  
This is why I love Him so—  
He has pardoned my transgressions,  
He has washed my white as snow.

Would you know why I love Jesus?  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because the Blood of Jesus,  
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because, amid temptation,  
He supports and strengthens me.

## Saved or Lost—Which?

Tunes.—Behold the Saviour (B.J. 83); Come, oh, come (B.L. 24); Lover of the Lord (B.L. 74); No other argument (B.J. 3); The Judgment day (B.J. 65).

5 Before the awful Judgment Throne  
Each soul must take its stand—  
Prepared to have a burning hell,  
Or Canaan's happy land.

Chorus.

O God, prepare us for that hour,  
And cleanse each soul from sin;  
May we appear before Thy face,  
And find we're run to win!

The hand of Death will shortly come  
And still your beating heart;  
So, ere your days on earth are done,  
For heaven make a start.

Dark waves of bitterness and woe  
For Christ-rejecters wait;  
And howling fiends will laugh with  
scorn.

And drag them to their fate,  
But, oh, for you, the Christ of God  
Stands willing now to save;  
He'll give you heaven, peace, and  
joy.

Here and beyond the grave.

## A Pressing Invitation.

Tunes.—We're travelling (B. B. 7); There is a better world (B.J. 11, 3); What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3); Will you go? (B.B. 13); Come to Me (B.J. 102, 2); Christ has come (B.J. 207, 2); Christ for me (B.B. 48).

6 We're travelling home to heaven  
above, Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
Will you go?

Millions have reached that blissful shore,  
Their trials and their labors o'er,  
And yet there's room for millions more,  
Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain,  
Will you go?  
Repent, believe, be born again,  
Will you go?

The Saviour cries, come to Me,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,"  
And thou shalt My salvation see,  
Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some shinier say,  
"Let me go!"  
I'll start this moment, clear the way,  
Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell;  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let me go!"

Music resembles poetry; in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods  
teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can  
reach.

—Pope.

## Solo for Sunday Night.

Tunes.—Going to Judgment (B.J. 241, 1; M.S. VI. 30); or, Sowing the seed.

7 Going to Judgment, not fit to lie,  
Going to die, life's account to give;  
Up to God's bar I must surely go,  
Nothing but sin in God's Book to show;  
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

Chorus.

Going to Judgment with salvation  
light,  
Going to Judgment for not doing right;  
Dreading the sentence, "Depart from  
Me!"

Sad, ah, sad will the Judgment be!

What if I will not salvation seek?  
What if I will not hear conscience  
speak?

What if God's talents and time I  
waste,  
Shutting away all the days of grace?  
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What if I will not take up my cross?  
What if I shall sin my soul is lost?  
What if I shun in the buring flame?  
There will be none but myself to  
blame,  
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What when the Spirit will strive no  
more?

What when the Master has shut the  
door?

What when I'm crying, "Too late! too  
late!"

What when destruction must seal my  
fate?

Oh, what will the Judgment be?

## MISSING.

### To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We're always ready to help persons in any  
of the above to find missing persons, and  
encourage women and children, or any one to address  
Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 30 Allen  
Street, Toronto, and "Missing" on the margin  
of the card, and it will be sent, if possible, to doing  
persons.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to do the  
same, and this notice will be sent to the Commissioner if they are able to give any information  
about persons advertised.

(First insertion.)

GILBERT STOCK, 30 years of age,  
height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair, blue eyes,  
brown complexion. Carpenter and  
Joiner by trade. Not heard of since  
1882. Last known address No. 6 Des  
Rivieres St., Montreal, and also Pro  
testant Home and Refuge, Montreal.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, Age 23  
years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair,  
brown eyes. Been missing for a number  
of years. Last known address  
Goodridge Road, Lincoln Street, Et  
eville, Canada West. Was a farm  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DAVID and WILLIAM CRA  
BIE, Ages 68 and 70 years. Last  
known address, Holton Bridge, Hants  
Co. Friends would like to know their  
whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Te  
rroro.

MR. IRISH, Age 40, height 6 ft.,  
brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion.  
Is a waiter. Last known address  
Richelieu, Quebec. Sister enquires  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GEORGE DONNINGTON, Age 26  
years, height 5 ft. 6 in., grey eyes,  
oval face, medium build, fresh com  
plexion, scar on the back of left hand.  
Last known address Port Dalhousie.  
May have gone to the Klondike. See  
employees. Address Enquiry, Te  
rroro.

W. H. JOHN, or ROBERT TOW  
SON. Born of Scotch parents in the Gas  
Family returned to Scotland, afterwards  
the above persons returned to the  
States. When last heard of in  
Adams, Maine. 17 years of age.  
Also

SAM PARISI, Age 36  
30 years. Used to live in Hants  
Lane, Halifax, England. Bellerive  
by trade. Mrs. McLean enquires. If  
dress Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second insertion.)

MR. AND MRS. BACH. Belonged to  
the S. A. in England. Money waiting  
for them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NAY, NORTON  
Age 26, very tall  
(over 6 feet), clean  
shaven, brown hair,  
blue eyes. Strictly  
temperate. Went to  
Detroit on route to  
Renfrew, but never  
reached his destination.  
Conductor set him on  
the platform at Smith's Falls  
Mother very anxious.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOSIAH P. MOOKER. Last heard  
of two years ago, was in Rosedale  
B.C. 35 years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in.,  
grey eyes, black hair and eyebrows.  
Information wanted, dead or alive.  
His wife. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. WHITE. In 1894 went to  
Stratford, Ont. Age between 23 and  
30 years. Important, alive or dead.

HAMILTON, James, Thomas, Paul,  
Samuel, George, Nicholas, and John  
Robert, also any of their sisters. Were  
living in New Glasgow, N. S., and  
have not been heard from for over 20  
years. Supposed to be in the U.S.A.  
May possibly be in Canada. Address  
Enquiry, Toronto.

McADAM, JOHN. Last known ad  
dress, 20 years ago, c/o Mr. Smith,  
102 Nazareth St., Montreal, Que.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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